

CHAMBERS

"Into the Void"

Writer's First Revision
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Written by

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Over BLACK: The steadfast sound of a beating human heart.

Bump, bump. Bump, bump. Bump, bump...

And then... a hazy, dreamy, lo-fi circular rainbow of color begins to form around a streaky black orb. Glowing yellow on top, soft pink on the sides, midnight blue below...

Like a slowly developing Polaroid, somewhere in the middle of this multicolored cloud we begin to see a strange shadow... a few stray hairs... the face of a teenage girl.

Though amid these swirling colors it almost seems like we're seeing the faces of two girls at once...

As the image solidifies, the SOUND of the HEARTBEAT is slowly consumed by the opening chords of "Still Ill" by *The Smiths*.

Finally, the colors fade away and we find ourselves in --

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

-- where SASHA ORTIZ (17), dark hair, dark skin, dark eyes, meticulously shaves her lady garden in a lukewarm shower with six inches of standing water.

EXT. MCMANSION - NIGHT - INTERCUT

A loose, free-floating POV glides toward the back of a faux-adobe McMansion, a HAND in a green rubber glove reaching into frame to ease open the unlocked sliding glass door.

-- Sasha winces as she nicks herself with the razor.

-- The POV slowly makes its way to a staircase at the back of a tastefully decorated living room. The SOUND of a running shower HEARD from somewhere upstairs.

-- Sasha reduces the fur down to a stubble and gives her work a satisfied nod. (In contrast to the creeping POV, there's nothing leery about these shots of Sasha in the shower. It's intimate and feminine, not sexualized in any way.)

-- The POV pushes open the bathroom door, steam curling out from inside obscuring any identifying reflection in the mirror as it closes in on the shower.

-- Sasha gives herself one final rinse as --

-- The hand in the green rubber glove pulls back the shower curtain to REVEAL: A BLONDE TEENAGE GIRL. This isn't Sasha's house after all. Whoever she is, she looks terrified...

-- Outside the house, the lights flicker, as the Blonde Girl SCREAMS.

-- Sasha shuts off the water, getting zapped by a little spark of electricity when she touches the leaky tap.

END INTERCUT SECTION

INT. ORTIZ APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sasha wipes the steam from the mirror and dries off. From the busted sink and mosquitos on the wall, it's clear that her caramel complexion isn't the only thing separating her from the unfortunate young blonde.

This apartment is WAY on the other end of the economic spectrum from the McMansion glimpsed in POV...

INT. ORTIZ APARTMENT - SASHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

After slathering her body with cheap freesia lotion (paying close attention to the neck and booty area), Sasha stops to take a good look at herself in the mirror...

Looking back at her is a young Mestizo girl hoping to become a woman tonight. The kind of girl who definitely cares about sex and boys and instagram, but also sort of seems like she's been floating through the world for centuries. An old soul in a young body.

Her surrounding bedroom is a good representative of the awkward girl/woman stage she's in. There's teddy bears and dolls, but there's also concert posters and quizzes from Cosmopolitan.

Examining the recent progress her breasts have made, Sasha stretches out some cotton balls and places them carefully inside of her bra.

Connecting eyes with herself in a mirror adorned with photos, she releases a big, intoxicating smile...

TONIGHT IS HERS.

INT. ORTIZ APARTMENT - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Despite the cracks in the ceiling, there is warmth in the government subsidized housing Sasha calls home...

At a makeshift dinner table, an overly fragrant Sasha and her Uncle, BIG FRANK (40's), a teddy bear with a terrifying neck tattoo, share a pizza.

Sasha can barely take a bite though, her excitement slowly turning to nerves. She gets up from the table to leave, but Big Frank gives her untouched plate a disapproving look...

BIG FRANK
What are you doing, kid?

SASHA
I'm going out.

BIG FRANK
(re: unfinished dinner)
You don't want to look like all
those girls in the magazines. Real
men like real women. Thirtythick-
twentythick-forty.

Sasha shakes off the gross over-share --

SASHA
You know I can murder a pizza when
I'm in the mood. I'm just not
hungry right now. I promise.

BIG FRANK
I thought we agreed you were going
to eat what I cooked.

Big Frank cracks open a can of Coke.

SASHA
And I thought we agreed you weren't
going to drink soda any more on
weekdays?

Sasha and Frank stare at each other. A familiar battle of wills...

Noticing his niece is clearly nervous and excited about something, Big Frank finally gives in and takes the unfinished pizza off of her plate.

BIG FRANK
Put your dish in the sink.

Thrilled, Sasha moutches 'thank you' to her Uncle... who waves playfully as he gulps that delicious Coke. Ahhhhhh.

INT. ORTIZ APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Sasha puts her plate in the sink a little grey MOUSE scurries across the floor. Connecting eyes with it and smiling, the mouse slows to a stop and feels Sasha out, measuring her intentions...

Moving slowly, Sasha quietly puts a piece of crust below the fridge -- giving the starving little mouse a much needed meal and leading it to a much better hiding place. The mouse likes Sasha. She is its friend...

A car outside HONKS. Sasha quickly slaps on some strawberry Lip-Smacker and leans her head into the living room.

SASHA
Back by midnight.

BIG FRANK
Don't do bad things.

SASHA
I'm going to study.

BIG FRANK
Don't study no drugs.

SASHA
Love you.

Sasha kisses him on the cheek. Engrossed in Wheel of Fortune, Big Frank lets out a huge Coke belch. He loves her, too...

EXT. DESERT GARDENS HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

Sasha weaves her way through the labyrinth of identical low-income apartments, headed for the parking lot and the CHEVY IMPALA idling in the dark.

The Chevy flashes its lights at her and she picks up the pace, so amped up she's trying not to skip.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - ROAD - NIGHT

A plastic RESERVATION PLACARD swings back and forth below four royal pine Little Tree air fresheners.

Fidgeting with her skirt, Sasha sits shotgun. Driving at the wheel next to her is TJ (17), full-blood Pima Native American, her indie-cool boyfriend wearing a simple grey tee and faded black jeans. Caring just enough, but not enough that anyone could ever say that he cared...

TJ

Should we get some beer first? That
horny old Chinese lady always sells
to me at the Dairy Mart.

SASHA

Maybe we should do it sober?

TJ

Yeah. Cool. Me, too. Same.
(a beat)
Feel everything, you know?

They drive in awkward silence until --

TJ (CONT'D)

(clearly nervous)

We don't have to do it if you're
not ready...

She puts her hand on his thigh. *Oh, she's ready -- because
Sasha is IN LOVE. Real time-stops-sounds-sound-better love...*

INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

In the back corner of a strip mall across from a Walmart, TJ
cuts the engine.

TJ

So... slight change of plans.
(off Sasha's confusion)
My dad got food poisoning. Ate some
bad strawberries from Pinkberry.

SASHA

From Pinkberry?

TJ

Yeah man, they don't wash their
hands there.
(then)
Anyway, Dad canceled the casino
trip, so...

SASHA

So you're going to take my
virginity in a Walmart parking lot?

TJ

Woman, please.

He lifts a ring of keys and smiles.

TJ (CONT'D)
I'm going to take your virginity in
a California king...

EXT. SIT N' SLEEP - NIGHT

TJ wrestles with the keys.

TJ
Shit. I think I grabbed the wrong
ones.

SASHA
What do you mean?

TJ
I mean these are the ones for my
Dad's gun closet. His work ones
must've still been in his pocket.

TJ turns and looks back at the car suggestively --

TJ (CONT'D)
The seats do lean back pretty
far...

But Sasha's already removed a bobby pin from her hair and
begun picking the lock. If there's any chance of keeping
tonight somewhat romantic, this is it...

INT. SIT N' SLEEP - NIGHT

Inside the darkened mattress store, TJ opens his backpack to
show Sasha the candles and flowers he jammed inside earlier.
Sasha smiles -- charmed and impressed.

TJ
I'll set these up. Pick any one you
like.

TJ gets the place ready while Sasha does her Goldilocks thing
with the mattresses. This one's too small, this one's too
big, but this one...

TJ puts his arms around Sasha from behind, breathes deep --

TJ (CONT'D)
You smell really pretty.

Yup, it's an awful line. But the weird thing is, it actually
makes her feel really pretty. And there's something about
this tempurpedic wonderland that completely wins her over.

It might not be exactly how she pictured losing her virginity, but it is its own beautiful brand of romantic...

TJ wraps his arms around her and pulls her down onto the bed, removing her shirt. As if searching for a new rhythm to further express its excitement, Sasha's heart starts to audibly flutter, albeit slightly out of sync.

They share an intense look before *it all goes down*. Both knowing that this night, this moment, this age, won't last forever...

She quickly releases her bra so he doesn't feel the cotton balls. He kisses her and squeezes her bum. Soft, sensual, exciting.

Sasha's skin tingles. *Like, especially her left arm? A pulsing sensation shoots up from her elbow. Displaced butterflies perhaps?*

Her cheeks flush crimson. The incessant heartbeats getting even further out of sync. The erratic nature increasingly concerning...

And then Sasha's pinky goes numb. *Wtf?* Her breathing shortens.

Oblivious, TJ slowly trickles his fingers down south. But something's wrong with Sasha. She doesn't feel good. She doesn't feel right. She tries frantically to grip her own chest -- she can't breathe -- she wants him to --

SASHA
STOP!

Immediately, TJ pumps the brakes. A true gentlemen...

AND THEN SASHA HAS A FUCKING HEART ATTACK.

INT. WALMART - NIGHT

With muted sound and bleeding colors, a shirtless TJ carries a topless Sasha into the 24-hour-Walmart DESPERATELY SCREAMING FOR HELP.

SASHA'S POV: People in blue vests with yellow smiley faces rush to help her as the fluorescent lights above completely blind the screen with hot white light.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

INT. ORTIZ APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

September. 101 degrees. Incessant dry heat. The kind of heat that's in your clothes. In your feet. In your dreams...

We find Sasha back in the shower, cooling herself off. The standing water now up to almost a foot. Just like last time, she gets out, towels off, and puts on lotion...

Only this time, it's not a freesia scented pre-sex rub down -- it's medical ointment for her giant chain-link sternum scar.

INT. ORTIZ APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Sasha kicks some recently deflated "Welcome Home" balloons as she knocks on Frank's door --

SASHA
Rise and shine, Frank!

All she gets in response is an unintelligible grunt from the other side of the door. Frustrated, she opens it, enters --

INT. ORTIZ APARTMENT - FRANK'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room is a mess, all centered around the futon in the middle where Frank snores loudly. She shakes him gently, like a parent trying to get their kid up for school --

SASHA (CONT'D)
C'mon man, you gotta wake up.
You're late for work.

BIG FRANK
I am awake...

SASHA
It's seven-thirty.

BIG FRANK
Shit!

Frank pops up and scrambles to get his shit together.

EXT. ORTIZ APARTMENT - DAY

Sasha exits the tiny apartment wearing a turtle neck and book bag. Passing a pile of mail on the stoop, she notices a GREETING CARD addressed to her amidst the pile of bills and insurance claims. She quickly picks the letter up and stuffs it into her backpack.

EXT. COTTONWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sasha disembarks a dingy yellow bus outside of an overpopulated, underfunded public high school. Window busted, bricks missing, etc.

An old JANITOR fixes the school marquee that has been rearranged over the weekend to say SCHOOL FREE DRUG ZONE.

INT. COTTONWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Students give Sasha strange looks as she makes her way through the metal detectors. A SECURITY GUARD gives her a tentative first bump. "Good to have you back, kid."

TJ eagerly catches up to her side and carefully takes her book bag off her shoulders. An act of chivalry he's definitely never practiced before...

TJ

Damn, girl, kinda hot out for a turtleneck isn't it? Shit's gonna hit a hundy later.

SASHA

(shrugs)

Laundry day.

TJ

Well, you look a lot better.

SASHA

How would you know? I've hardly seen you since... what happened.

He winces. A touchy subject --

TJ

I wanted to come over more. My fucking family, though.

SASHA

What about them?

TJ

Everyone knows what we were doing the night it happened. And you know how they are, they're religious as fuck. And I mean -- when we did try to have sex, what happened was a little wrath of God-ish.

SASHA

So you're saying my heart attack
was God punishing us?

TJ

No, no, no. No. But I mean, it is
kinda funny if you think about it.

Sasha doesn't laugh, letting it hang for a long beat before
throwing her man a lifeline --

SASHA

You wanna make it up to me for that
ignorant shit you just said, you
can take me to a movie after
school. I don't work til 6.

TJ

I actually have track practice
today, and States are coming up,
so...

RING. Saved by the bell. TJ gives Sasha a quick peck --

TJ (CONT'D)

Welp, this is you. Have a good
class!

Off Sasha, trying to figure out if TJ is ducking her...

INT. COTTONWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

An old TV plays a VHS about Plymouth Rock as forty rowdy kids
overpower an underpaid sub. Sasha sits with her best friend
YVONNE (16), who has the body of an eight-year-old boy and
the aura of Suge Knight.

YVONNE

Hand to Allah, nobody even noticed
you were gone.

Sasha looks around, clocking the new pair of nosy eyes
conspicuously fixating on her every couple seconds or so.

SASHA

Yeah, I don't know --

YVONNE

Remember when Sayanni got pregnant
and nobody realized she'd been out
for seven months? Same thing.

PING.

Sasha takes out her iPhone and opens a text from a number she doesn't know: "WADDUP, FRANKENSTEIN? GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO CUT YOUR TITS OFF 2."

A group of kids in the corner laugh.

Noticing Sasha's face, Yvonne immediately grabs the phone from her and looks at the cracked screen.

YVONNE (CONT'D)
Hell, no. Who the fuck --

Shooting her head around the classroom, she cracks open a can of Cactus Cooler, clicks on the number and presses CALL.

SASHA
Yvonne, don't. It doesn't matter --

A phone in the corner rings. It belongs to MARTIN JONES -- a twenty-year-old junior with a huge body and a tiny head.

YVONNE
I can't believe I used to let that fucking garbanzo bean go down on me...

Yvonne flips him off from across the room and mouths "fuck you". When he responds by miming a BJ, Yvonne puts her middle finger down and playfully extends her pinky.

Martin goes silent while his friends bust out laughing.

YVONNE (CONT'D)
I mean have some respect! You just had a freak heart attack out of nowhere, --

Yvonne tries to support Sasha, but only succeeds in making her feel even more like a freak. As Yvonne gets more graphic, Sasha's heart rate rises...

YVONNE (CONT'D)
-- got your entire body cut open, had some dead girl's organs sewn inside of you, and he's gonna text you shade like that?

Sasha, heart pounding, decks it out of the classroom --

INT. COTTONWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - GIRL'S BATHROOM - DAY

-- and pukes inside one of the two stalls that still have a door.

After calming herself down on the toilet with her pants still on, she unzips her book bag. Pulls out the GREETING CARD she grabbed from her stoop. Stares at it...

KNOCK-KNOCK.

YVONNE (O.C.)

Hey. You okay? I didn't mean to
bring all that shit up. I just
don't want anyone messing with you.

The return address on the card reads: LEFEVRE. Sasha puts it aside and takes out her iPhone, pulls up a bookmarked webpage -- a news item about the "TRAGIC ACCIDENTAL DEATH" of a teen girl named Becky LeFevre...

YVONNE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something, though?
Then I promise I'll shut up. Cross-
my-heart-and-hope-to-die.

(then)

Fuck. I didn't mean to say that
last part --

SASHA

What's up?

YVONNE (O.C.)

Does it feel any different?

In a way that suggests she's done this many times before, Sasha impulsively scrolls down the bookmarked webpage... but as soon as she gets the photo of the perfect young blonde she quickly exits the page and flicks off her phone.

YVONNE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Like, you know, can you tell it's
someone else's?

Then Sasha quickly tears up the unopened greeting card and flushes it down the toilet.

Yvonne paces outside the stall, worried her question pressed too hard. But then the stall door opens and Sasha lumbers out with her arms in exaggerated Frankenstein mode and her eyes bulged out, playfully grabbing at Yvonne's titties.

The girls break out into laughter before Sasha drops the charade and answers, matter of fact --

SASHA

It feels the same.

EXT. COTTONWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sasha and Yvonne pool their pocket change together in front of a beat-to-shit vending machine. Yvonne checking out guys while Sasha adds it up --

YVONNE

You know the longer you stay a virgin the longer your tits won't grow.

(off Sasha's look)

It's true! I mean, you saw what happened to me summer after seventh grade.

SASHA

You don't have another quarter?

(Yvonne shakes her head)

Damn, I wanted those Flaming Hots.

YVONNE

When'd you get so bougie?

Sasha settles for the off-brand chips from the bargain row and scarf's a handful, preoccupied with the topic at hand. A ripple of anxiety beneath her bravado --

SASHA

Well whatever. I'm ready to lose it. I've been ready. It's TJ I'm worried about. He's still avoiding me. And when I do see him, he treats me super soft.

YVONNE

That one's easy. You want him to stop treating you super soft... Just get him super hard.

EXT. COTTONWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - BLEACHERS - DAY

Below the bleachers, TJ laces his shoes and takes off his shirt. Sasha approaches from behind through an overgrown field that's disguised as a track. And *damnnnnnnn*. She can't help but stare -- *her boy looks good*.

She puts her arms around him from behind, but spooks him, causing him to knock back into her --

TJ

Fuck! Sorry, did I hurt you?

SASHA

Huh? No?

TJ

Oh, OK. Phew. Sorry, I just -- you
scared me.

SASHA

Don't be scared...

Sasha moves to kiss him when a nearby KID lights up a cigarette and TJ pulls back--

TJ

Yo! You mind? My girl just had
heart surgery.

The Smoking Kid gives them an odd glance and starts to walk away, but Sasha stops him. She snatches the cigarette out of his mouth, takes a deep dramatic drag, and sensually exhales.

The Smoking Kid grabs his cig back and exits.

SASHA

See? A little smoke isn't going to
break my heart. And neither is you
actually touching me again.

TJ

What are you talking about?

SASHA

I'm talking about it's been two
months and you won't even kiss me.

TJ

I just --

Fed up, Sasha pulls him in for a DEEP, LONG, ROMANTIC kiss. Then looks him in the eyes, trying to read his reaction...

Which is immediate. He pulls her back to him, kissing her with raw teenage passion. Sasha gives in to it, relieved. Her man still wants her.

SASHA

Frank's doing inventory at Wet Pets
Monday. Gonna be gone all night...

TJ grins as he gets the implication. But, still cautious --

TJ

You sure you're okay to...?
(off Sasha's nod)
(MORE)

TJ (CONT'D)
Then Monday's my new favorite day
of the week.

A WHISTLE blows from the field --

TJ (CONT'D)
Shit, I'm late. Gotta go.

TJ takes off toward the field for practice...

SASHA
Hey TJ!

He turns back.

SASHA (CONT'D)
You, uh, might wanna take a cool
down lap, first...

TJ looks down -- his aggressive teenage boner bouncing around
inside his track shorts like a blind punching fist...

EXT. WET PETS - DAY

With a pep in her step, Sasha clips a starfish shaped name-tag onto her shirt and approaches an exotic fish store...

This is WET PETS -- Uncle Frank's salt-water startup and
Sasha's place of employment for the past five years. A barely
filled aquatic pet store built inside of an old Blockbuster.

It's been a rough day, but her talk with TJ left her feeling
like things might finally be getting back to normal.

But as Sasha walks through the parking lot she notices a
black Range Rover. Which is weird -- because they usually
don't get those kinds of cars around here...

INT. WET PETS - DAY

As Sasha enters, she sees a strange man talking to her Uncle
over by the goldfish tanks. This is BILL LEFEVRE (40's), a
charming businessman with an endearing glint of "I didn't
used to be this rich".

Frank notices Sasha and waves her over --

BIG FRANK
Sasha!

SASHA
What's up?

BIG FRANK

(gentle)

Sasha, this is Bill. Uh, Bill
LeFevre. The father of your...
uh...

BILL LEFEVRE

Your heart donor.

SASHA

Oh, God. Okay. Hello...

Bill stares at Sasha for a few beats then hands her a few
PHOTOS --

BILL LEFEVRE

Her name was Becky. Well, Rebecca.
But she hated being called that.
She said it sounded like an
accusation.

Sasha stares at the girl. Blonde, perfect, happy...

BILL LEFEVRE (CONT'D)

If someone told us we'd lose her at
eighteen, well...

He composes himself. Passes Sasha another couple photos...

BILL LEFEVRE (CONT'D)

And this was her when she was
little.

Sasha stares at the old Polaroid. Wide eyes, rosy face, a
missing tooth...

Lost in the moment, she releases a tiny smile and almost
giggles.

SASHA

Her cheeks...

BILL LEFEVRE

Like pears, right?

But then Sasha's smile slowly unscrews. The reality of the
situation sinking into her like vinegar on cotton. This girl
is DEAD. And her heart is INSIDE OF HER. AND NOW IT'S BEATING
REALLY FAST --

Overwhelmed, she passes the photos back.

BILL LEFEVRE (CONT'D)

No, no. Those are for you to keep.

SASHA

It's okay, I actually --

BIG FRANK

-- We'll take good care of them.
Thank you.

BILL LEFEVRE

I didn't mean to surprise you.

SASHA

(rushing)

It's okay. I'm happy I got to meet
you. Thanks for coming.

BILL LEFEVRE

My wife and I, we sent you some
letters...

BIG FRANK

(suspicious)

Oh yeah?

BILL LEFEVRE

At least three since the
transplant. But maybe we had the
wrong address?

SASHA

That's weird. People steal cards
around here, though. I guess they
think there's gonna be birthday
money or gift cards in em' or
something.

Bill nods. Big Frank seems less sure...

BILL LEFEVRE

I was talking to your Uncle here
before you got back about the two
of you coming over for dinner this
Friday night. My wife, she... it
would mean a lot to her. To the
both of us, really. To get to know
the girl with our daughter's
extraordinary heart.

Sasha frowns, anxious. But before she can say anything --

BIG FRANK

We'd love to.

Relieved, Bill gives Sasha a tender smile and passes Big Frank a crisp business card that reads SOLSTICE POWER.

BILL

Our home address is on the back. We live just south of here.

Frank reads the back of the card, impressed --

BIG FRANK

Sun Valley...

Bill moves to leave, but Frank stops him, putting his hand on his shoulder, man-to-man --

BIG FRANK (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Bill nods. A grieving father clearly still pained...

INT. WET PETS - DAY

Sasha feeds a tank of goldfish to fill the awkward silence left in Bill's wake. Then, an obvious lie --

SASHA

I have plans all weekend.

BIG FRANK

To do what?

SASHA

Lot's of things. None of your business. Whatever, it's complicated, okay?

BIG FRANK

Oh, your plans are complicated? How do you think this whole thing happened in the first place? How complicated was that? I mean do you have any idea what strange series of events had to happen in order to save your life?

SASHA

Please stop.

BIG FRANK

Within four hours the entire universe had to conspire together to save your life, Sasha. Think about it. Same town, same age, same blood type...

SASHA
I said stop!

He grabs the fish food out of her hand. Looks her straight in the eye.

BIG FRANK
If it wasn't for that poor girl and her family, I would have lost you.
(then)
We owe them dinner.

Hard to argue with that...

Frank exits and Sasha returns her attention to the tank... where two goldfish now float on the surface, dead.

The ripples in the water slowly DISSOLVE TO --

INT./EXT. WET PETS TRUCK - ARIZONA ROADS - DAY

-- ripples of heat waves baking off the road.

Through the shimmering heat, Sasha and Frank truck through the badlands of Cottonwood, past the Pima Mericopa Indian Reservation, and toward the affluent suburb of Sun Valley.

BIG FRANK
Hotter than a jalapeno's armpit out there...

Taking in the surroundings through Frank's dirty-ass windows, Sasha gets an impromptu primer on the geography of Northern Arizona: A place divided by the super rich and the super poor, folks still clinging to the days of Manifest Destiny...

EXT. WET PETS TRUCK - STOP LIGHT - DAY

Stuck behind a Vortex Tour Van at a stop light, Sasha gets her first look at Sun Valley: a Sedona-like suburb full of crystal shops and New Age boutiques.

In stark contrast to the strip mall populated, franchise-fucked Cottonwood, Sun Valley is all turquoise bedazzled "Medicine Man" carwashes and faux-adobe Mexican restaurants... and yet not a brown person in sight.

She turns to talk shit to Frank when --

SLAM! She's startled by an ELDERLY NATIVE WOMAN wearing a dust mask pounding on her window. The woman has dozens of the dust masks and calls to Sasha through the window --

ELDERLY NATIVE WOMAN
Storm coming. Big storm. Dust mask
one dollar.

Frank casts a sarcastic look to the clear blue sky as Sasha roots around in her bag for some cash. No luck. She looks to Frank who just shakes his head...

SASHA
It's only a dollar. C'mon.

BIG FRANK
Just ignore her, Sash.

ELDERLY NATIVE WOMAN
Please, you need. Pad'edawek.

Sasha grabs a fistful of change from the cupholder and rolls her window down before Frank can object.

SASHA
Here you go, ma'am.

Sasha hands over the change and the grateful woman gives her a folded up dust mask in return.

ELDERLY NATIVE WOMAN
Pad'edawek. You don't want it in
you!

The light turns green and Frank pulls out, leaving the Elderly Woman in a cloud of dust. Half-joking to Sasha --

BIG FRANK
I'm taking that out of your next
paycheck, I hope you know that.

Sasha just rolls her eyes. But when she looks in the rearview the dust has cleared and the Elderly Native Woman is gone.

She opens up the folded dust mask... cradled inside is a rough-hewn gemstone (black tourmaline).

Confused, Sasha just folds it back up and crams it in the glove box.

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Heavy -- and expensive -- curtains block the sun from outside, giving the spacious and tastefully decorated bedroom a distinctly gloomy vibe. The music's not helping either as Nirvana's most depressing song ("Something in the Way") drones from a pair of artfully camouflaged speakers.

NANCY LEFEVRE (late-40s), her loose flannel-and-jeans combo suggesting recent weight loss, stares at her reflection in a Pottery Barn mirror.

The face looking back at her is one of complete devastation, nearly catatonic in its obvious depression. Almost unconsciously, Nancy whispers along to the lyrics...

NANCY LEFEVRE
"It's okay to eat fish, cause they
don't have any feelings..."

Then, like someone flipped a switch, her face lights up, and she smiles real big -- trying for a look of genial welcome. But it doesn't last long and the light soon fades.

So she tries another face. And another. Trying to remember what happy looked like. What normal looked like.

BILL LEFEVRE (O.C.)
Tie or no tie?

Nancy is shaken out of her reverie by Bill, who stands behind her in the doorway, holding a tie up to the collar of his button-down Oxford. Without even looking --

NANCY LEFEVRE
T-shirt.
(off his confusion)
Wear a t-shirt and cardigan. The
tie makes you look too rich.

BILL LEFEVRE
Shit, you're right.

Bill crosses to the dresser, but can't find what he's looking for in the dim light --

BILL LEFEVRE (CONT'D)
How can you see anything in here?
You need to open these curtains up
and let in some...

Bill picks up a remote from the floor and uses it to automatically open the curtains. For the first time, he can see the wine bottles and other assorted detritus littering the room.

BILL LEFEVRE (CONT'D)
Nance, you need to start taking
care of yourself. It looks like
your old dorm room in here --

NANCY LEFEVRE

-- You start sleeping here again,
you can question my design choices.

Nancy snatches the remote, but before she can close the curtains again, she and Bill both freeze...

Because they see through the window that Frank's WET PETS truck just pulled into the driveway. Stating the obvious --

BILL LEFEVRE

They're here.

Bill hurriedly grabs a t-shirt on the way to the hall, but pauses in the doorway, looking to Nancy where she stands frozen with anxiety at the window --

BILL LEFEVRE (CONT'D)

Number three.

(off her confusion)

Number three looked most like you.

Bill exits and Nancy returns her focus to the mirror. She takes Bill's advice and goes back to "happy normal face #3". After a beat, she nods. That's the one.

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Bill changes his shirt as he hustles down the hall, stopping at a door near the stairs. "GET THREWED" by Bun B aggressively blares from inside.

Bill pounds on the door and yells out --

BILL LEFEVRE

Turn that shit off and come
downstairs!

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - ELLIOT'S BEDROOM - DAY

ELLIOT LEFEVRE (16) turns his music UP while he grinds a pile of prescription-level weed.

He loves pissing off his parents. And how do you rebel when your mom and dad are cool intellectual rich people who also listen to Nirvana and wear three-hundred-dollar ripped jeans? You listen to incoherent trap music as loud as you can and dress like Bret Easton Ellis.

Elliot smokes the weed out of a cheap metal one hitter and blows the smoke through a handful of wadded up dryer sheets stuffed into a toilet paper tube and out the window...

Where he sees Frank and Sasha getting out of their truck. His first thought is whoa she's cute... but then he remembers why she's here and his face darkens.

EXT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Frank and Sasha exit the truck and look up at the massive house in front of them -- the same McMansion from the opening -- its sandstone walls blending into the desert beyond.

SASHA

That's a big fucking house.

BIG FRANK

Sasha! You can't talk like that in front of these people.

(then)

Shit though, that is a really big fucking house.

Frank straightens to attention when the front door opens, revealing a picture-perfect Bill and Nancy LeFevre.

BILL LEFEVRE

Welcome!

NANCY LEFEVRE

Hello!

BILL LEFEVRE

Frank, Sasha, this is my wife, Nancy.

NANCY LEFEVRE

I'm Becky's mom.

BIG FRANK

Uh, of course. Hi.

BILL LEFEVRE

Nancy, this is Frank. And of course, Sasha.

NANCY LEFEVRE

(overcome with emotion)

I'm so glad you came.

Nancy shakes Frank's hand, but when Sasha puts hers out, Nancy bypasses it and goes straight for the hug. Nancy's present-tense mention of Becky and the hug make things a little awkward so Bill tries to deflect --

BILL LEFEVRE

You find the place alright?

BIG FRANK
Couple dead ends, but we got here...

Their small-talk fades to walla as Sasha releases her half of the hug. But Nancy doesn't let go. Instead, her grip actually gets tighter, and tighter, hands gripping Sasha with a desperate intensity until finally Sasha begins to squirm --

SASHA
Frank --

Then, as if it never happened, Nancy breaks the hug and snaps back into her easy cordiality --

NANCY LEFEVRE
Come on in where it's not so muggy.

Frank missed the whole thing and just smiles at the newly uncomfortable Sasha as they follow the LeFevres inside.

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Inside, the house is even bigger than it looked. Sasha and Frank take it all in with wide eyes as Bill and Nancy lead them into the living room.

The accoutrements are a master class in taste. Pieces don't "match" each other... they "compliment" each other. In fact, the only thing that looks out of place is Elliot, lounging insolently with his feet up on the couch.

He makes no effort to get up as Nancy introduces him --

NANCY LEFEVRE
This is our son, Elliot.

ELLIOT
(dripping sarcasm)
Welcome to the Valley of the Sun...

Exasperated, Bill keeps things moving --

BILL LEFEVRE
I hope you guys like tuna. My wife's carpaccio is to die for.

BIG FRANK
You know the Wet Pets slogan: you can't go wrong with fish!
(then)
I came up with that myself.

NANCY LEFEVRE

Oh, fun!

BIG FRANK

We brought a little something, too.

Frank nudges Sasha, indicating the paper bag in her hands --

SASHA

Oh, uh, yeah. We brought some beef
empanadas.

NANCY LEFEVRE

That's so sweet of you. They smell
so... authentic. Unfortunately I
won't be able to have any, though.

(off their looks)

We don't eat meat in this
household.

BIG FRANK

But... I thought you said we were
having tuna?

NANCY LEFEVRE

That's right. We're pescatarians.

BIG FRANK

So it's like a religious thing?

BILL LEFEVRE

No, pes-ca-tar-ian.

Frank still doesn't get it --

BILL LEFEVRE (CONT'D)

It means we only eat fish, instead
of meat.

BIG FRANK

You guys do know fish are
animals... right?

Elliot catches Sasha's eye and the two share a quick grin at
the awkward conversation. Nancy tries to right the ship with
a well-worn line --

NANCY LEFEVRE

Like the song says...

Elliot rolls his eyes -- he's clearly hearing this for the
thousandth time.

NANCY LEFEVRE (CONT'D)
It's okay to eat fish --

SASHA
-- Cause they don't have any
feelings.

Bill and Elliot exchange a surprised glance. Nancy looks like she's seen a ghost. Even Sasha seems a little weirded out: *where'd that come from?*

Regaining her composure, Nancy asks --

NANCY LEFEVRE
Sasha, you like Nirvana?

SASHA
You mean, like, the oldies band?

Bill winces theatrically --

BILL LEFEVRE
Ooh, that hurts.

ELLIOT
(with a big smile)
Savage.

Nancy grabs Sasha's arm, suddenly sharp --

NANCY LEFEVRE
What you just said... that line,
it's from the song. You said...

Bill puts a warning hand on Nancy's shoulder -- easy -- and Nancy quickly recovers. Smile #3 back in its place, she takes Sasha by the arm and leads her off toward the dining room --

NANCY LEFEVRE (CONT'D)
Tell me, Sasha, what kind of music
are you into?

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The two families awkwardly break bread together, which Big Frank confidently misuses to scoop up the fabulous tuna.

Everyone except Sasha, who can't get any food to her mouth before Nancy peppers her with another question --

NANCY LEFEVRE
... and how old were you when you
moved to Cottonwood?

SASHA

I dunno.

(looks to Frank)

Eight?

Frank couldn't answer a question about Sasha's age with a gun to his head, stammers out --

BIG FRANK

Yeah, maybe. I know it was definitely before you started getting your...

Frank mimes "breasts" before he catches himself and tries to pivot --

BIG FRANK (CONT'D)

Uh, hair... cut. That you have now.

(then)

She used to have braids.

(then)

This food is amazing!

NANCY LEFEVRE

How about school, Sasha. What kind of extracurriculars are you involved in?

SASHA

What type of what?

NANCY LEFEVRE

Sports, after school clubs, student council, that sort of thing.

SASHA

I used to run with my friend TJ to help him practice for track but --

NANCY LEFEVRE

Becky ran, too!

BILL LEFEVRE

She was a long distance girl. What about you?

SASHA

Well, it was only a handful of times and just around the block eight times because that equaled two miles? So I guess, medium distance?

BILL LEFEVRE
Medium distance.
(to Nancy)
She's funny.

NANCY LEFEVRE
What are your favorite classes? Are
you in AP?

SASHA
I guess I like Spanish class. But
that's also because I already know
Spanish, so... yeah. And I love AP.

NANCY LEFEVRE
You keep good grades?

ELLIOT
You want to see her birth
certificate too, mom?

NANCY LEFEVRE
Elliot, quit highjacking the
conversation.

ELLIOT
Come on. Poor girl hasn't had a
chance to eat under interrogation
like this. And I'm not highjacking
anything, I'm actually, you know,
expressing my empathy.

(to Sasha)
They spend five hundred bucks a
week on my therapist to teach me --

NANCY LEFEVRE
(barely contained anger)
This isn't about you.

Elliot simmers, on the verge of saying something nasty. Sasha
looks down at her plate with the kind of polite discomfort
everyone uses when it's some other family fighting.

Finally, Elliot pulls himself back and turns to Frank,
suddenly amiable --

ELLIOT
You're right. We have two guests
tonight. So...
(to Frank)
Frank, what's the story with the
cholo tattoo?

Frank shoots back a look so cold and hard that Elliott's bravado drops and his eyes slide back to his food.

Then, all smiles as he tells the story --

BIG FRANK

Used to work as a prison guard down at Tent City. They had all the non-violent offenders doing labor up at the Silver Spring mine. Didn't know the dust or whatever was making everybody sick. Eventually they checked all of us out, staff I mean, the inmates not so much.

(shakes his head)

The mine shut down quietly, the prison shortly after. Like nothing ever even happened. Can you believe it? Anyway, it was a blessing in disguise, really. All they had to do was scrape a little bit of that malignant shit offa there. Nothing spread. But...

He leans in to Elliot to give him a closer look at his neck --

BIG FRANK (CONT'D)

I got this to cover the scar up.

Elliot hangs his head, feeling like an ass and Bill and Nancy share a satisfied look. It's not every day someone puts Elliot in his place so completely...

But when Elliot clocks their look, he darkens, doubling down on his disruption but aiming it back at his parents --

ELLIOT

You know, maybe I should do the same thing. Get a big heart or something with "mom" written on it. I could use it to cover these up --

Elliot starts to pull up the sleeve of his prep school blazer, but Bill clamps a hand over his, cold and angry --

BILL LEFEVRE

Fucking stop it.

Sasha and Frank exchange an "oh shit" glance. Elliot just smiles. He got what he wanted -- for his parents to break character in front of their guests.

After an uncomfortable beat of everyone pushing the food around their plates, Bill's phone BUZZES. He checks it and a smile creeps over his face as he gets an idea --

BILL LEFEVRE (CONT'D)
You guys wanna see something cool?

EXT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

The LeFevres lead Sasha and Frank onto the roof through a window, Nancy wrapped in an expensive faux-Indian wrap, Biggie's "Juicy" bumping from a Sonos speaker...

BILL LEFEVRE
Thought you guys might appreciate a view of the dust storm --

Bill gestures to the breathtaking view. And there, in the distance is the dust storm the crazy old woman promised Frank and Sasha on their way into Sun Valley.

BIG FRANK
What the hell? It was so nice out...

BILL LEFEVRE
Bipolar September sky, right? I just got the alert on my phone.

It's called a haboob and it's majestic and colorful... and absolutely terrifying. A wall of sand and dirt in a giant cloud caused by an unbroken thunderstorm. Pinks, purple, and violence merged like a watercolor noir...

SASHA
It's so beautiful...

Nancy watches Sasha watch the dust storm, clearly waiting for the right time to say something she's been holding in. She gives Bill a quick nod, now's the time.

But Bill quickly shakes off the eye contact and stalls, brandishing his wine bottle and glasses --

BILL LEFEVRE
Vino?

Bill tops off everyone's drinks --

BIG FRANK
Can I propose a toast?
(with genuine emotion)
(MORE)

BIG FRANK (CONT'D)
I can't even come close to
imagining what ya'll have been
going through. But I just, I want
you to know that your daughter is
still here. She saved Sasha's life.
And that's something I can never
repay you for. But... Becky seemed
like a real special girl and I
think I speak for Sasha too when I
say we'll do our best to keep her
memory alive.

(then)

Amen.

(then)

I mean, cheers. Or --

ELLIOT

-- Thank you Frank, that was very
moving.

Bill shoots Elliot a look.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
What? Can I not be moved?

Frank downs his wine in one gulp like he's taking a shot as
Nancy inches a little closer --

NANCY LEFEVRE

You know, now that you mention it,
we have been looking for a way to
do exactly what you're saying -- to
keep Becky alive.

(then)

Are you familiar with Valley Vista
High School?

BIG FRANK

I know Cottonwood always kicks
their asses in football.

BILL LEFEVRE

(laughs)

They're not good at sports, no. But
they are good at getting their kids
into college. Which, admittedly,
isn't cheap...

(then)

That's why Nancy and I have endowed
a scholarship in Becky's name.

NANCY LEFEVRE

This way, what happened to her
won't be for nothing.

Nancy's tone deaf comment hangs in the air, no one quite knowing what to say next until --

BILL LEFEVRE
Full tuition and expenses.

Frank's eyes light up, and Bill sees that the hook is set --

BILL LEFEVRE (CONT'D)
Anyway... we thought Sasha might be interested.

NANCY LEFEVRE
What he means is, we want to offer the scholarship to Sasha. And only Sasha.

SASHA
Oh. Wow. I, uh...

Bill can see the offer has hit Sasha like a ton of bricks, tries to dial it back --

BILL LEFEVRE
Of course the decision is entirely up to you. If you don't want --

NANCY LEFEVRE
-- Of course she wants to go, Bill.
We're talking about one of the top schools in the state.

SASHA
It's kinda far, though. Isn't it?

NANCY LEFEVRE
Nonsense, it's right around the corner.

SASHA
I mean far from Cottonwood.

NANCY LEFEVRE
I'm sure there's a bus.
(to Frank)
There's a few other "at-promise" kids that go there.

Elliot snickers at the wording, but stays out of it for now.

SASHA
I'm sure there's someone better. I don't really do so well at school. Grades and stuff, I mean.

Frank jumps in, not wanting Sasha to mess this up --

BIG FRANK
She's just being humble. Her
teachers suck.

NANCY LEFEVRE
Sometimes you just have to find out
what you're interested in...

Nancy's energy is getting a little desperate, a little manic, so Bill puts his hand on her shoulder. Pulls her back a bit.

Sasha notices everyone watching her, waiting for her answer. But it's too much, she needs to get out of there, Sasha casts around for a way to deflect when she sees --

SASHA
Isn't that getting kind of close?

All eyes turn from Sasha to the haboob -- which is moving much faster now... right toward their neighborhood.

LOCAL NEWSCASTER (PRE-LAP)
With winds up to forty miles an
hour, the national weather service
has ordered all vehicles off the
road until the storm passes...

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Everyone huddles around the TV in the kitchen watching the news report and eating ramekins of creme brulee...

LOCAL NEWSCASTER
The haboob is estimated to hit Sun
Valley within the hour and
disappear by early tomorrow. Until
then, we suggest --

Nancy turns down the volume a little and turns to Sasha --

NANCY LEFEVRE
Looks like we're having a slumber
party...
(off Sasha's confusion)
You heard the reporter. It's not
safe out there. All the roads are
closed until morning.

BIG FRANK
She's right, Sash.
(back at the tv)
(MORE)

BIG FRANK (CONT'D)
Shit! It's gonna be the biggest one
since '08!

Bill leans into Sasha, noticing her anxiety...

BILL LEFEVRE
I know this sucks. But we've got a
great guest room. I promise.

Dinner she could get through. But a whole night here? That's asking too much. Sasha looks to Frank for help --

SASHA
We drive fast, we could make it...

But Big Frank just slings his arm around Bill, who refills his wine glass, charmed --

BIG FRANK
Now this is a good man, right here.

Sasha sighs. Frank's toasted and the storms's on its way in. There's nothing they can do but wait this one out...

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - HALLWAY BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sasha finishes brushing her teeth in the same bathroom where Becky was killed in the opening.

Sasha rinses and lets out a tense breath. Being in this house is WEIRD. Meeting Becky's parents is WEIRD. Eating their food is WEIRD. *EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS IS WEIRD WEIRD WEIRD.*

Craving distraction, she pulls out her phone and texts Yvonne: "dude fuck this storm. im trapped in Sun Valley and it's like Get Out with less black people."

Yvonne sends back a Snapchat-filtered video of herself with a flower headband talking white -- "Welcome to Sun Valley, but like where the fuck's my kale juice?"

Sasha laughs. Then, like she just caught a cold draft, Sasha shivers. Suddenly uncomfortable, she puts the phone down...

Because is she just being crazy or does it feel like somebody is in there with her? She rips open up the shower curtain like the people do in the horror movies...

Nothing.

Sasha opens up the window. Takes a breath of fresh air. Laughs at her jumpy ass as she picks her phone back up. Turns on the doggie hoe filter to send Yvonne a snap video back.

But as Sasha turns the camera around and positions herself in the center, the doggie filter detects another face... Another pair of floppy ears and wagging tongue floating behind her --

BIG FRANK (O.C.)
Holy shit...

Panicky, Sasha hurries out to find --

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Big Frank sprawled on the bed, deep into a Google search. He turns his phone around to show Sash a site full of reclaimed wooden furniture -- the ear-worm of contemporary design.

BIG FRANK
This is a twelve thousand dollar
bed!

Sasha breathes a sigh of relief, though she's not sure what exactly she was afraid of. Then her brain catches up --

SASHA
Twelve thousand dollars? Pshhh.
(then)
You think we could fit it in the
truck?

BIG FRANK
Bunch of wood that doesn't even
match. Buffer that shit a little,
damn -- I could do that! I could
retire selling tree trunk beds to
fake hippies like these...

SASHA
This place, man... I mean, can you
imagine me going to that school?

A quiet beat before Frank collects his thoughts --

FRANK
Yeah. Actually I can.
(off Sasha's look)
You're taking that scholarship.
(then)
You could be the first person in
our family to go to college.

SASHA
Who said I wanted to go to college?

BIG FRANK
You did. Repeatedly.

SASHA
Well, maybe I changed my mind.

BIG FRANK
So change it back.

SASHA
But you didn't go to college and
you turned out fine. Plus, it's so
far away I wouldn't be able to work
at the store. Who would clean all
the tanks and feed the fish?

BIG FRANK
I love having you around, but if
you're still working at the shop in
four years, I did something wrong.

SASHA
I'm not going to that stupid
school, Frank. Sorry, but these
people don't get to save me.

BIG FRANK
Yes the fuck they do. Sit your ass
down. Now.

Sasha obeys him and sits on the edge of the bed, Big Frank's
scary when he gets serious --

BIG FRANK (CONT'D)
I didn't take you in so you could
end up like your Mother. Shit,
Sash. How many other kids born in a
rez hospital hooked on crystal get
an opportunity like this?

SASHA
But these people are messed up!
They're not even supposed to know
who got the transplant, but they
know where we live? Where you work?

BIG FRANK
I don't give a damn how they found
us!

(then)
You want to hear what I think?
(off her silence)
(MORE)

BIG FRANK (CONT'D)
I think we might look back on all
this one day and realize that this
whole heart attack thing was the
best thing to ever happen to you.

Frank exits to the bathroom, leaving Sasha to take this in.

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - TIME CUT

Later. Sasha lies awake in bed, trying to tune out Frank's snores so she can fall asleep.

After a beat, his snores finally subside and Sasha closes her eyes, relieved. Until --

VOICE (O.C.)
Sasha...

The fuck? Sasha's eyes pop back open. Was she imagining that? It sounded like a girl's voice whispering her name.

VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Sasha...

There it is again. Almost sounds like the wind whistling by her window, but it's coming from outside the bedroom door.

Cautiously, Sasha gets up and heads for the door. But when she opens it, she can't make sense of what she sees --

Because the door to the guest bedroom on the second floor has opened onto the LeFevres' front lawn. Following this dream logic, Sasha steps out to --

EXT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

-- the LeFevre's driveway, now totally consumed by the whirling pastel dust of the haboob.

Cutting through the colorful wall of dirt is a pair of headlights shining on Sasha like a spotlight. She follows them deeper in, though the dust doesn't affect her at all.

There, seemingly in the eye of the storm, is a bright blue pickup truck, shiny and new, its metal body shaking.

Though that rumble's not coming from the storm. It's coming from the messy, passionate sex going down in the truck bed.

Sasha freezes as she sees a BLONDE WOMAN assert her power from behind, mounting the unseen man in the truck bed, riding him confidently, completely dominant.

There's something seductive and consuming about their chemistry and motion. It's all grabby and sweaty and out of control. The closest to animal that human can get...

Sasha flushes as some sort of transitive euphoria pumps through her. She feels sex, she feels life, she feels power...

Sasha audibly exhales. But when the Blonde Woman whips around to look back at her, Sasha gasps...

Because the Blonde Woman in the truck has Sasha's face.

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Sasha jolts awake back in her bed in the guest room, Franks SNORES still filling the air.

Despite the shock, Sasha is nearly orgasmic. Her skin dewy. Her lips parted. A pleasant glow upon her face. Until she remembers where she is... and what she just saw.

Weirded out about by the fantasy/nightmare -- Sasha exits the guestroom to get a cold glass of water...

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tip-toeing down the long hallway of indigenous stone, Sasha hears a muffled argument behind the LeFevre's bedroom door...

Something about Nancy's meltdown... about Bill's way of dealing with her... about Nancy's loss of weight... about Bill's loss of fidelity...

As she passes by the windows, she's relieved to see that the haboob is still a ways off. What a weird dream...

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sasha gets a glass of sink water. Chugs. Ahhhh. Much better...

ELLIOT (O.C.)
They wake you up, too?

She turns to see a glossy eyed Elliot curled up in the corner of the breakfast nook enjoying a midnight bowl of cereal.

SASHA
(deflecting)
Is that Cookie Crisp?

ELLIOT

You can have some if you want.
Bowls are in the cupboard...

But she just jams her hand into the box, coming up with a fistful of sugar-coated goodness AND the prize at the bottom.

She shows the prize to Elliot: a press-on tattoo covered in sugary dust -- a cartoon skull and crossbones.

SASHA

Hey look -- a tattoo for your arm.
(off his confusion)
You know, to cover up the track
marks.

This garners a rare laugh from Elliot --

ELLIOT

And I thought I was being subtle.
What gave me away? The dark
circles? Tiny pupils?

SASHA

Something like that.

ELLIOT

Here, go ahead --

Elliot rolls up his sleeve and offers Sasha the inside of his elbow and its cluster of needle marks. But she doesn't flinch. Just wets the back of the fake tattoo and presses it to his skin. She's seen worse...

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

It'll be nice to have someone like
you at Valley Vista.

SASHA

... Someone like me?

ELLIOT

Someone who says shit. Sun Valley's ninety percent euphemism. Like my mom earlier with that "at-promise" bullshit. When what she clearly meant to say was "poor". Or vice versa. My family's not rich, we're "economically advantaged".

SASHA

Nah, you guys are fucking rich. I like your parents, though. They're actually really... nice.

Elliot sneers --

ELLIOT

"Nice". Now they have you doing it.

(then)

Like how Becky had an "accident" --
like she shit her pants or something.

SASHA

It was an accident. I read the
article...

ELLIOT

Becky didn't have accidents. She
did everything she ever put her
mind to... I'll leave it at that.

SASHA

... You saying she killed herself?

The implication hits Sasha hard. At first Elliot enjoys the effect he's had, but as he sees Sasha's eyes start to water he realizes he's gone too far with his conspiracy theories...

ELLIOT

Hey, no, I didn't... Look I don't
know what I'm talking about, okay?
Don't listen to me. I'm just a
lying, asshole, fuck up and I
just... I'm just...

Elliot looks for some clever/cool way to say what he feels, but realizes there really isn't one --

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking sad.
(then)
And I miss drugs.
(then)
And I miss my sister.
(then)
Not in that order.

Elliot shakes off the vulnerability and peels the backing off his fake tattoo. As he heads for the stairs --

SASHA

I don't think you're an asshole.
(off his look)
You're just temperamentally
disadvantaged...

Elliot playfully gives her the finger and exits.

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sasha tip-toes down the hallway back to the guest room. Nancy and Bill have stopped arguing by now, but there's something about the silence that makes things more uncomfortable...

SWISH.

Sasha turns. The curtains down the hall twitch and Sasha notices that Becky's door is open. *Does wind blow doors open?*

Sasha kicks up her pace and passes Becky's door.

Then stops and turns back. Puts her hand on the knob to close it. But she can't help herself...

With trepidation, Sasha takes a deep breath and enters --

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - BECKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Her feet sinking in like quicksand, Sasha steps foot onto the plush carpet and runs her hands down the adjoining wall to find the light switch.

FLICK.

A soft white glow slowly illuminates the room in a dreamy haze... revealing a four post canopy bed, a vanity adorned with photos, and buttercream-yellow walls.

An angsty teenage museum covered in a thin layer of dust... The dolls and books and trophies all frozen in some sort of confused coma -- like Toy Story without knowing Andy's never coming back.

This was Becky's world...

She smells a pillow... *what did Becky smell like?* She picks up a pair of point-shoes... *was Becky good at ballet?* She looks at the photos tucked into the mirror... *what were Becky's friends like?*

Feeling a little more comfortable, she opens the closet door and steps inside... in awe of the fancy clothes organized by season and color. For a moment, Sasha forgets where she is -- wanting badly to try on one of the designer dresses she could never in her own life afford.

Leaving the dreamy wardrobe behind, Sasha opens a vanity drawer, releasing an audible giggle at the fifteen half-used LipSmacker tubes that quickly roll to the front.

In the drawer below: A YEARBOOK for VALLEY VISTA HIGH SCHOOL.

Sasha starts flipping through the pages. And Jesus, this place actually looks super tight, like one of those schools on TV. Their cafeteria has a Jamba Juice... their track has a field... their students have a future.

Scribbled in the margins are inside jokes, names of boys she liked, vacations she was gonna take with her friends.

She looks up "L" and finds Becky. Beneath her photo, a quote: "*This will all be over soon.*" Sasha laughs at the sarcastic joke before reality sets in. Joking or not, Becky was right.

It is all over now. And she'll never get to kiss those boys, or take those trips...

Sasha slams the yearbook shut. It's too much. She rubs her eyes and grabs a pink teddy bear from the shelf above.

Curling into a fetal position on the bed, Sasha hugs the chewed-upon stuffed animal close to her chest. Noticing the poorly handwritten name "BECKY" on the teddy's old tag, Sasha finally lets go and begins to cry. *For herself, for Becky, for the companionless bear...*

But just as Sasha's puffy eyes begin to shut, she hears the all-too-familiar squeaking of a nearby mouse. Looking down, she sees a cute little grey mouse eyeing her from the floor.

Sasha smiles to herself. Guess even rich people get mice. The mouse walks right into Sasha's hand when she puts it out, even letting her pet it.

It looks just like the mouse from Sasha's apartment with one important difference. This one is missing its tail.

SASHA
Poor baby, what happened?

Sasha puts the mouse back down and it scurries off behind one of the trophies on the wall next to Becky's vanity, the trophy falling to REVEAL: a crudely cut hole in the wall.

Sasha picks up the trophy to replace it, but she sees something crammed in the hole.

She reaches in and pulls out a crumpled Polaroid -- a cheap "AURA PHOTOGRAPH" souvenir. Sasha stares at the effervescent rainbow surrounding Becky's shadowed face.

On the white border, the words "pad'edawek"...

Then, a glint of light from inside the hole catches her eye and she reaches in again. It's black tourmaline -- the same gemstone that was in her dust mask.

Except this one is attached to something. Sasha pulls and pulls a long thick string emerges from the hole, like a clown's handkerchief that just keeps going...

Before it's all the way out she takes a closer look --

And discovers that the "string" is actually a knotted together collection of severed mouse tails.

Just as Sasha recoils in disgust, the necklace is wrenched out of her grasp and pulled forcefully back into the hole.

Fuck that. Sasha decks it out of Becky's room, not even bothering to turn off the light --

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sasha books it around the corner, almost slamming into --

Nancy in a flowy white nightgown looking like a ghost and causing Sasha to yelp.

SASHA
I'm sorry... I was just --

But Sasha stops as a dazed Nancy completely ignores her and slowly walks right by. Which is even weirder... until Sasha realizes Nancy is just sleepwalking.

Relieved, Sasha ducks back into the guestroom.

Nancy continues down the hall, flicking off the light in Becky's room and continuing down the stairs...

INT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Sasha shivers in bed, still freaked the fuck out. The haboob now completely consuming the house, dust pelting her window and fraying her nerves.

Off Sasha, staring into the colors of the aura photograph, trying to make sense of what she just saw.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LEFEVRE HOUSE - DAY

Morning. Birds chirping, storm long past. The LeFevres walk Sasha and Frank down the driveway.

BIG FRANK
Thanks for letting us crash last
night.

Big Frank nudges Sasha, who's still distracted and a little
freaked out by what she saw last night.

SASHA
Yeah, thanks.

NANCY LEFEVRE
Of course.

Big Frank nudges Sasha again.

BIG FRANK
Don't you have something else you
wanted to say?

Sasha shakes her head and moves to get into the truck but Big
Frank stops her. She wants to explain why she's even less
interested in going to this girl's school now, but this
clearly isn't the time or place.

With no other choice, Sasha turns back to Bill and Nancy --

SASHA
Uh, yeah. I think I'll go ahead and
take you up on that scholarship.

NANCY LEFEVRE
You will?

Nancy releases the first real smile we've seen yet,
overpowering the many fake versions we saw before...

NANCY LEFEVRE (CONT'D)
Oh, Sasha! Wow. I mean -- that's
just -- this is so --

Bill puts his hand on hers. *Easy, honey...*

Nancy quickly calms herself down, not wanting Sasha to change
her mind. She even maturely opts for a handshake this time
instead of hug...

NANCY LEFEVRE (CONT'D)
It was nice to meet you, Sasha.

Sasha reluctantly extends her hand back.

SASHA
You, too.

NANCY LEFEVRE
Get a lot of rest this weekend,
school starts Monday.

Off Sasha, holy shit.

TJ (PRE-LAP)
Wait... like Monday Monday?

CUT TO:

EXT. COTTONWOOD STREETS - DAY

TJ jogs on the cracked asphalt, working on his conditioning while Sasha carefully rides beside him on a janky old bike.

TJ
That's fucked up.

SASHA
I tell you I found a necklace made of rat tails in this girl's room and you don't say a word, but school starting on a Monday, that's fucked up?

TJ
I'm just saying that's crazy soon.
(off Sasha's annoyance)
You tell Frank about the rat tails?

SASHA
Yeah, right. After our fight last night he'd just think I was trying to get out of the scholarship.

TJ
Well...

SASHA
Well, what? You think I'm making it up?

TJ
No, of course not. Not on purpose.
Or consciously or whatever.
(off Sasha's glare)
I mean you said yourself how weird it was being in her house, it would make sense if you had some weird dreams, you know?

Sasha cuts TJ off on her bike, forcing him to stop and jog in place as she pulls the AURA PHOTO out and shoves it at him --

SASHA
If it was all a dream, then where
did this come from?

TJ looks at the photo and shrugs, until the scribbled phrase on the margin catches his eye. Sasha notices --

SASHA (CONT'D)
What?

TJ
Nothing. Just... this is O'odham.

SASHA
What's it say?

TJ
Doesn't really translate.

SASHA
Try.

TJ
It means like... not good...
inside? I'm telling you, it's
gibberish.

TJ hands Sasha back the photo, noticing how freaked she is --

TJ (CONT'D)
You don't look so good...

SASHA
You think? Maybe that's cause this
Becky girl was "bad inside" and now
I've got her heart in me and...

Sasha starts hyperventilating. TJ, concerned, puts his hands on her shoulders, tries for comfort --

TJ
Hey, girl, look at me. You've been through a lot, okay? This "almost dying and having someone else's heart inside you" stuff is some serious shit. But that's all that's happening here, you gotta know that. Alright?

Sasha calms down a bit, wanting to believe him --

SASHA
Yeah, maybe.

TJ
And hey, if you want, I could check
to make sure you're still the same
old Sasha.

TJ hops onto the back wheel pegs of the bike and grabs
Sasha's waist. Catching his drift, she playfully stands and
pedals as TJ sweetly checks out her bum and nods.

TJ (CONT'D)
Yep. Same-same-same. I can do a
closer inspection Monday night...

SASHA
You're an idiot...

But she's laughing, feeling a tiny bit better for now. TJ
hops off and resumes jogging as Sasha pedals after him.

AUDIO PRE-LAP: an alarm BUZZES.

INT. ORTIZ APARTMENT - SASHA'S BEDROOM - DAY

5am. Sasha shuts off her alarm and gets up. It's still inky
black outside. This sucks...

As she gets out of bed, a low MURMUR bubbles up, like voices
whispering one over the other. Building in intensity, this is
the only sound we hear over the following --

MONTAGE

-- BUS STOP: Still pre-dawn, Sasha walks toward the bus-stop
on the outskirts of her housing development.

-- ANOTHER BUS STOP: She gets off one bus and waits for
another.

-- CITY BUS: As the sun finally starts to rise, Sasha looks
around at the other occupants of the bus. It's the "trade
parade"... all the service workers bussing in while all the
Beamers and Benzes are streaming out for the day.

The murmur builds to a full-blown cacophony -- sounding
almost like an out of sync ritual chant or something as we --

CUT TO:

INT. VALLEY VISTA HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

A grinning, vaguely menacing cartoon caricature of a Native American chief framed by the words "Home of the BRAVES"...

Where the cacophony of noise is REVEALED to be nothing more sinister than the sounds of hundreds of students talking and laughing in the marble floored halls of Valley Vista High.

FIND Sasha making her way through the sea of Coachella-vibey teens, surrounded and overwhelmed. Doing her best to seem invisible...

But it seems like everyone (PENELOPE, MARNIE, etc) she passes stops their conversation just to look at her...

WOMAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)
Let me be the first to give you a
big Valley Vista welcome!

INT. VALLEY VISTA - STUDENT ADVISEMENT CENTER - DAY

Sasha stands uncomfortably in the posh Student Advisement Center -- basically a glorified Guidance Counselor's Office -- while MISS BURNETT (early 20's, went to Harvard, don't worry she'll tell you) gives her a big hug.

SASHA
Uh... thanks.

MISS BURNETT
I'm your Student Advisement Officer
-- SAO for short -- but you can
call me Miss Burnett. I'll be
handling your on-boarding today.
Please, have a seat.

Sasha sits, hugging her ratty backpack close for comfort... because she isn't following a word of this shit.

Miss Burnett hands over a nice, eco-friendly cloth "welcome bag" bulging with items --

MISS BURNETT (CONT'D)
You'll find your schedule in there,
along with your gym uniform, meal
card, and of course your laptop.

Sasha pulls out a brand-fucking-new anorexic looking Apple MacBook, with her name literally engraved on it.

SASHA
Holy shit.

MISS BURNETT
Excuse me?

SASHA
Sorry, I just wasn't expecting all this. I mean, at Cottonwood we didn't have school laptops or anything. Do I just turn it in at the end of the day, or...?

MISS BURNETT
Oh, no, honey... that laptop is yours to keep. It's all included in the -- very generous -- scholarship package provided by the LeFevres.

SASHA
Oh.

Sasha's excitement dissipates at the mention of the scholarship but Miss Burnett misinterprets it --

MISS BURNETT
If you don't like the color, I'm sure we could exchange it --

SASHA
-- No, it's just... does everyone here know about the scholarship? Like... why I got it?

Miss Burnett gets what she's asking, tries for comfort --

MISS BURNETT
Your privacy is of the utmost importance. The only people who know about your... connection to the LeFevres are me and our school nurse. In case of any medical emergencies, you understand.

SASHA
I just thought... it felt like a lot of the kids were looking at me I guess.

MISS BURNETT
It's a pretty insular campus. We try our best but everyone is curious about a new student.

There's a knock on the door as a MAN (30s) lets himself in.

JONES

Sorry to interrupt, just wanted to drop this off.

This is JONES -- a Burning Man/wrong side of the tracks/former addict type. Who also happens to be the students' favorite teacher.

He hands a Starbucks coffee to Miss B, who welcomes this chance to escape the awkward silence.

MISS BURNETT

Perfect timing! You can show Sasha here to her first class!

INT. VALLEY VISTA - HALLWAY - DAY

As Jones leads Sasha through the crystal clean hallways, her wide eyes gaze around like a caveman in an Apple store.

A nearby student tossing around pamphlets and lube shoves a handful of colorful condoms into Sasha's hand.

SAFE-SEX STUDENT

Wrap it before you tap it!

JONES

As you can see, we're very progressive here.

Jones tosses a sarcastic nod to the BRAVES mural, which gets a laugh out of Sasha.

SASHA

It's not like my old school, that's for sure.

JONES

Cottonwood, right? I did my time there around Y2K.

SASHA

(skeptical)

You taught at Cottonwood?

JONES

God no, I was a student there. How old do I look? Wait. Don't answer that.

(then)

Needless to say, this place is a little different than what you're used to.

As they pass the cafeteria --

JONES (CONT'D)
There's our dining hall. And yes
that is an actual Jamba Juice in
there. They give you a meal card?

Sasha digs it out of her welcome bag --

JONES (CONT'D)
(whistles)
Wow, you got an unlimited. Lucky
girl.

Sasha looks at the card, stunned --

CUT TO:

QUICK FLASH

Sasha in line for lunch.

Smoothie in hand, she sees a display of Flaming Hot Cheetos --
the same ones she couldn't afford at Cottonwood -- and puts
one... no, two... fuck it, four bags on her tray.

Hands the cashier her meal card with a big grin.

CUT TO:

Sasha and Jones continue their tour. As they approach the big
double doors of the gym --

JONES
And that's our ridiculous gym. I
think this trimester is all about
water sports.

SASHA
Wait, you guys have a pool?

JONES
No, we don't have a pool. We have
three pools. And a cold plunge.

CUT TO:

QUICK FLASH

Sasha sits on the edge of a crystal clear pool in her new --
and actually kind of cute -- gym clothes.

As she kicks her legs in the water, a gaggle of 8-packed swimmers with chlorine bleached hair rush by...

Behind them, a fully costumed synchronized swim team practicing in an even larger pool.

In pool number three, a tiny little freshman does a Olympic style triple flip, landing in the diving pool with the tiniest of splashes...

CUT TO:

Sasha can't believe it all --

SASHA
That's fucking crazy.

JONES
Watch your mouth.

SASHA
Oh shit. I mean, sorry.

JONES
And besides, that's not fucking crazy. This is --

Jones gestures to a room where a dozen or so students lie on recliners, with sleep masks and soft music playing.

JONES (CONT'D)
This is our, no joke, nap room. If you ever find yourself getting stressed out, overwhelmed, or -- God forbid -- triggered you can come here and count some sheep.

While Sasha gawks, the only other brown person in Valley Vista walks by tiredly pushing a mop... an old black JANITOR.

Sasha smiles at him, but falters when she notices the green rubber gloves in his back pocket. Something about the gloves unsettling her...

JONES (CONT'D)
Uh-oh.

SASHA
Huh?

JONES
Guess it's not all nap rooms and free condoms.

Sasha's confused until Jones hands her back her schedule --

JONES (CONT'D)
You have first period with the
devil himself.

SASHA
What do you mean?

JONES
Environmental Science with Mister
Jones. The meanest, scariest son of
a bitch in the school. Shit, he
even gives me the shivers and I've
spent a night in jail...

Sasha's bliss starts to slip away as they arrive at the
classroom door.

SASHA
Maybe I can switch my schedule?

JONES
Too late for that. Best of luck,
newbie.

Jones pats Sasha on the shoulder. She takes a deep breath and
enters the class...

INT. VALLEY VISTA HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Where everyone looks up at her. She looks to the front of the
class, but the dreaded Mister Jones is nowhere to be found...

Until Jones walks in after Sasha and sits on the edge of the
teacher's desk. Sasha is confused a beat, until Jones lets
out his infectious laugh.

JONES
Sasha, welcome to Environmental
Science. I'm Mister Jones.
(then)
Feel free to drop the "Mister".

Sasha shakes her head. Charming bastard...

JONES (CONT'D)
And this, class, is Sasha Ortiz.
(then)
Our newest transplant.

Sasha flinches at his choice of words. Looking back at him, she can't tell if there was any other meaning beneath them. Miss B told her no one else knew...

AUDIO PRE-LAP: the end of school BELL.

EXT. VALLEY VISTA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

School is out for the day and students pour out of the front doors. Sasha among them, face-timing Yvonne on her phone --

YVONNE (ON PHONE)

Nap room? Why don't they call it what it is? The cover-your-hand-with-a-pillow-and-finger-me-during-school room?

SASHA

And that's not even the best part --

Sasha holds up the Flaming Hots --

SASHA (CONT'D)

Bottomless snacks!

YVONNE (ON PHONE)

Hold up. Freeze.

Sasha does.

YVONNE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Back a few. Four o'clock. Shit
maybe six. There!

Sasha points her iPhone where Yvonne has commanded... landing on ELLIOT --

YVONNE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

That's what I'm talking about. I'm really trying to fuck a white boy before winter. A real all white boy like him. See-through-Pantagonia-ass motherfucker.

Elliot sees her and smiles. Suddenly nervous, Sasha turns her phone off. Breaking his charged eye contact, she sees TJ waiting for her in the parking lot and skips over.

TJ's Impala is out of place in the sea of Teslas, G-Wagons, and pimped out Prius', but to Sasha, he looks like home.

Before she makes it over, a brand new blue pickup truck zooms by. Like, exactly the same one as in her dream? Sasha gapes --

TJ
How was your first day?

SASHA
(plays it off)
Oh, you know. Nothing special.

INT. ORTIZ APARTMENT - SASHA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sasha and TJ enter, TJ in mid-story --

TJ
... So that new girl Sabrina's up there in front of the class telling everyone about going to Homecoming at her old school with "two black guys" and Mister Coffman is telling her that's not appropriate and we're all laughing our asses off and she's finally like "here I'll show you" and she pulls up this photo on her phone and there she is with her white-ass Homecoming date... and two black eyes.

TJ breaks up laughing, but Sasha's distracted looking for the perfect place to put her new laptop. TJ, dejected --

TJ (CONT'D)
Maybe you had to be there...
(re: laptop)
Damn, that's really yours to keep?

SASHA
I know, can you believe it? It's so skinny.

TJ
New computer, new friends. Won't be long before you forget about the rest of us...

Sasha realizes she's been ignoring TJ, shuts the laptop and rummages in her backpack --

SASHA
I didn't forget about you. Or tonight --

-- and pulls out the condom she got at VV High. Sasha places it in TJ's hand and kisses him.

Soon they're ripping each other's clothes off, exchanging sloppy kisses as they maneuver their way to Sasha's bed.

It's hot and heavy and sweet and sweaty, until TJ pulls Sasha's shirt over her head.

Embarrassed, Sasha tries to pull it back on to cover her sternum scar...

TJ
No. Leave it off.

Ugh. Fine. She leaves it off. Taking in her amazing breasts, TJ eagerly kisses down each one, completely ignoring the sternum scar...

Sasha closes her eyes as he kisses down her belly, mind going back to that erotic dream she had at the LeFevres'.

The bodies, the sweat...

Sasha pushes TJ back on the bed, climbing on top of him in a carnal manner similar to that of the dream.

Fingers clawing at backs...

She's in control, taking off his clothes, until they're both in their underwear, Sasha grinding into him. She's never been this dominant before, this aggressive... but by the look on TJ's face he's enjoying the change.

Lips dragging on collarbones...

She reaches down to put TJ in... but then she catches her reflection in the mirror and GASPS.

Because there, in the mirror, straddling TJ Sasha sees Becky in her place, a gaping hole in her ribcage.

Sasha screams and pushes herself off of TJ, totally spooked --

TJ (CONT'D)
(reeling)
You okay?

SASHA
I just saw... And my heart. It's
beating so fast, I can't...

Sasha takes a beat to catch her breath, shake off what she just saw. Needing to believe it wasn't real --

SASHA (CONT'D)

Maybe you were right. About the almost dying, the heart, going to her house. Maybe all this is fucking me up worse than I thought.

TJ

Hey, it's okay. I been telling you, you don't need to be out here trying to be some type of Iron Man Woman...

(off her look)

You know what I mean.

(then)

Look, I know you think I've been on pins and needles with you cause I'm scared or something. But I just... I love you, Sasha. I'm here for you. We don't need to rush.

SASHA

You're not mad about your, uh --

Sasha nods at TJ's boner, again making its presence known through his shorts...

TJ

Girl, if I got mad at every unbrushed chubby I got during the day I'd never get anything done.

(then)

Look, why don't we take things easy? Just chill tonight.

SASHA

Okay... But like, how?

TJ

Well if you want... I could beat your ass.

Sasha raises an eyebrow.

SASHA

You could try...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - ORTIZ APARTMENT - NIGHT

SASHA beating TJ's ass in Streetfighter V. They're having fun, they're being kids, they're *acting normal*.

TJ puts up a good fight, but Sasha pulls through for the win... Which she rubs in his face before pausing the game.

SASHA
Snacks?

TJ
(nods)
Snacks.

INT. ORTIZ APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

The opening of "La Mer" by Nine Inch Nails lulling in the background, Sasha places a bag of popcorn in the microwave...

As the song intensifies and a droning synthesizer replaces the acoustic guitar, the mouse from the teaser peeks its head out from underneath the fridge.

Sasha offers it a handful of food like she did before, but now the mouse acts AFRAID of her. Confused, she gets a little closer to its mouth, but this time, the mouse BITES HER.

SASHA
Fuck.

As she turns around to grab a tissue, the mouse decks it across the floor and crawls into a crack in the stove.

Applying pressure to the bite, Sasha squats down to sweetly try to coax the scared little mouse out of the stove. But it's cowering in the corner of the oven, refusing to move...

She looks up for some sort of tool to help her rescue the mouse and finds herself eye level with the oven knob. After a beat, a suddenly cold-eyed Sasha cranks the oven up to 500 and puts on the broiler...

As Sasha stands motionless with eyes glazed over, the mouse begins to scratch desperately at the door.

DING! The microwave goes off, jolting Sasha out of her daze.

The mouse squeals and Sasha rips open the oven door, letting it free to scurry away.

Off Sasha, stunned and horrified by what she was about to do, her hand floating to her chest as the settling popcorn is slowly drowned out by her FIERCELY BEATING HEART.

Bump, bump. Bump, bump. Bump, bump...

END OF PILOT